Thy dowreles daughter King throwne to thy chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes in watrish *Burgundie*,
Shall buy this vnprizd precious maide of me,
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkind
Thou looseſt here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou haſt her *France*, let her be thine,
For we haue no ſuch daughter, nor ſhall euer ſee
That face of hers againe, therfore be gone, (*Burgũdy.*
Without our grace, our loue, our benizon? come noble

Exit Lear and Burgundie.

Fran. Bid farewell to your ſiſters?

Cord. The iewels of our father, (you are,
With waſht eyes *Cordelia* leaues you, I know you what
And like a ſiſter am moſt loath to call your faults
As they are named, vſe well our Father,
To your profeſſed boſoms I commit him,
But yet alas ſtood I within his grace,
I would preferre him to a better place:
So farewell to you both?

Gonorill. Preſcribe not vs our duties?

Regan. Let your ſtudy be to content your Lord,
Who hath receaued you at Fortunes almes,
You haue obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the worth that you haue wanted.

Cord. Time ſhal vnfould what pleated cũning hides,
Who couers faults, at laſt ſhame them derides:
Well may you proſper.

Fran. Come faire *Cordelia*? *Exit France & Cord.*

Gonor. Siſter, it is not a little I haue to ſay,
Of what moſt neerely appertaines to vs both,
I thinke our father will hence to night.

Reg. Thats moſt certaine, and with you, next mon eth with vs.

Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is the obſeruation we haue made of it hath not bin little; hee alwaies loued our ſiſter moſt, and with what poore iudgement hee hath now caſt her off, appeares too groſſe.

Reg. Tis the infirmitie of his age, yet hee hath euer but ſlen-

derly.